

Why
the hell
did I come to
college
when all I
really want is
to be a
rock
and
roll
star? ★★





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omen

Volume 20, Number 5
April 18, 2003

layout & editing

Justin Philpot	TROGDOR!
Aaron Buchsbaum	sb_email.exe
Beth Day	Song from the sixties
Jeffrey Paternostro	Trevor the Vampire
Rebecca Costello	20x6
Jesse Frola	Strong Badia National Anthem
Alli Hartley	Alli's Sister
Zak Kauffman	Ghost of General Tsao
Mathew Montgomery	Tape Leg
Karl Moore	Duck Pond
Laura Torres	Compy 386
John Wible	"Douglas"
Michael Zole	Types with boxing gloves on

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Dave Frankel

Back Cover by Aaron Buchsbaum



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Justin Philpot **Enfield 65C, Box 1448, x4893**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to **jup97@hampshire.edu**.

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

Maybe they're on a tantric
publishing schedule- delay-
ing Climax until it's really
good

quote attributed to:
Karl Moore

MESSAGE FROM THE SIGNERS

editorial



by: Justin Philpot, Beth Day & Jeffrey Paternostro

The OMEN does not often take any position on the articles, stories, pictures or rants that are submitted. Our policy explicitly states that anything received by the OMEN will be printed, edited only for grammar or spelling. There are only two restrictions: All articles must be submitted with the author's real name, and the submission must not be libelous or defamatory.

Up until fall of 2000 the OMEN stated in its policy box that submissions would only be accepted from members of the Hampshire Community. For reasons unknown to current staff, this particular restriction is no longer printed policy. It has, however, been implied on a number of occasions and has stood as de facto policy since. For instance, the OMEN has consistently printed submissions from students on leave, five college students, students who've been academically withdrawn, family members, "friends of the college" and alumni. The Hampshire Community is hard to define under the best of circumstances and all decisions on the publishing of such submissions has been made on a case-by-case basis.

This issue contains an article by a student who has removed from the college for disciplinary reasons. "The Streets of Eternity" was received prior to the incident that precipitated his removal. Although not currently considered a member of the Hampshire community, the author had submitted his article in accordance with our published deadline policy. Also, this submission does not violate any of our published guidelines.

As we currently have no published policy regarding the printing of submissions from members either within or without the Hampshire Community, we are bound under the current OMEN policy to print this submission content unchanged.

As a result of this we are clarifying our policy. Effective next issue, only members of the Hampshire Community may submit to the OMEN.

As a final note, the OMEN's editorial policy is that we do not comment on content. As a free speech publication, the obligation of the OMEN is to publish what is submitted. The signers do not take any editorial responsibility for content. Views expressed in the OMEN do not necessarily reflect the views of the OMEN layout staff or signers.

Any questions can be directed to any of the three signers. The OMEN holds open meetings the Tuesday following publication at 9 PM in the KIVA. All are welcome and encouraged to attend.

Sincerely,

Justin Philpot
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Beth Day
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policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

CREEDS OF OPPRESSIVE VIOLENCE AND TERROR

I considered writing a careful, deliberate response to Jesse Weinberg's latest contribution to The Omen, responding point-by-point to his comments. (I could point out, for example, that the quotation he cited from Martin Luther King Jr. is totally bogus, as Weinberg could've discovered with a simple web search.) I thought about how sensitive the issue was on campus, the backlash I was likely to encounter, and the need for constructive dialogue about the tragic situation in Palestine. But the more I read over his article, and remembered those previous, the more angered I became, and the more convinced of the need to take a strong stand, and to call things by their proper names.

So I will. The Hidden Face of Hate is itself hateful and racist. While he had every right to author it, and The Omen had the right (indeed, under its editorial policy, the obligation) to publish it, the fact that Weinberg manages to pass his invective off as responsible analysis is deeply disturbing.

No amount of anti-semitism excuses the callous disregard for human life on display in Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. No number of outrageous statements by Palestinian officials, or tortured connections between their movements and white supremacist ones, can cover up the genocidal policies of the Sharon government.

Similarly, the horrors of the Holocaust cannot wipe away the unfortunate reality that the modern state of Israel was founded upon a myth. What is now Israel was not a land without a people, even if the Jewish settlers were undoubtedly a people without a land. The people who had been living there for thousands of years may have been dark-skinned and primarily Muslim, but they were nevertheless people.

With that reality in mind, Israel and its supporters (a category which includes the U.S. government, which provides Israel with billions of dollars in military and economic aid (hardly a neutral peace broker) have two options:

The first option is to put an end to the occupation, a horrific crime against the Palestinian people. Withdrawing from the occupied territories would allow the creation of a truly independent Palestinian state, and pave the way for an end to the violence on both sides and eventual reconciliation between all the peoples who call the region home. Such a course of action, however, would involve a recognition of the basic humanity of Palestinians, and their right to self-determination. And that's something that Zionist extremists are unwilling to do.

Instead, they would prefer to continue sacrificing Palestinian and Israeli lives for their own ideology. The only option

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by: Michael Sherrard

I'VE MISSED YOU ALL

by: John Wible

I apologize to those of you who read my articles in here regularly (which I'm pretty sure is no one) for my brief absence. I promise I'll never leave you again. Since I've been gone many things have happened: We as a country have gone to war; our leaders have claimed victory both militarily and politically, as those who we have freed came out to tear down a statue in the middle of Baghdad and within the social vacuum that the previous regime left, the looting began. It looks like anarchy ::cough:: I'm sorry I meant democracy, won out in the end. Or whatever.

I know most of you, like me disagreed with the war. Some because you're pacifists; some of you because you just like yelling waving your fists (don't deny it, I know some of you); and some because you really think it was just about oil. I, on the other hand fit into none of those categories. War is sometimes a necessary evil. For example, had our government not gone to war after Sept. 11th then it would have lost legitimacy in the eyes of most Americans (I'm not saying you, but most Americans). We, civilians of the United States, had after all been attacked and we needed to show that we could defend ourselves or the shit would have kept hitting the fan. Concerning this war, it bothers me, but I'm not one to wave my fists, just because most of the time it's a lesson in futility. Furthermore, I don't believe this war was simply about

oil - it was definitely a factor but not anywhere near the one and only cause. In fact, if it was just the oil I could be at peace (though I would still disagree) because my main problem is that I can't for the life of me figure out what IS the reason we're at war. I study international relations, and I've heard a few theories but none of them seem reasonable.

It's not just about oil. The French and the Russians both own a considerable stake in the Iraqi oil, which we have promised that the new government will fulfill. The amount of oil we would get access to is considerable, but the money that would have to be invested by the respective companies would be just the same as it would be drilling anywhere else. Also those companies would be taking a large chance, Iraq will lack a legitimate government, and will have guerilla fighting for most

of the foreseeable future. A country as unstable as Iraq is not the safest place to put billions of dollars in material investments which will be necessary before Iraqi oil is of any use to anyone. I definitely think oil is a factor, but not the main one.

It's not Israel. Our long time ally has been attacked by Hussein, and I don't believe anyone there will shed a tear once he is gone. The media however

showed that public opinion there was against the war which makes sense. After all Israel was attacked by Iraq, but only during the last Gulf War. Israel might have been a factor, especially considering Hussein helped bankroll Hamas, but again, a small one.

It's not because Bush has a grudge. As far as I'm concerned Bush is a puppet. He's a spokesperson for his cabinet. I'm not a conspiracy theorist. I don't think anyone is using him per se, but I don't think anyone can deny that he doesn't know what's going on beyond possibly the economy (he did at least sit through his master of business classes).

That brings me one that seems to have the most consensus among those who actually study politics (as opposed to those out there who think their political opinion out there is valid just because someone told

Concerning this war, it bothers me, but I'm not one to wave my fists, just because most of the time it's a lesson in futility.

you so). That is that it's the hawks in the cabinet, in particular Rumsfeld, have wanted to do this for a while. As the story goes they wanted the first of the Bush monarchy to do it the first time around and have been sitting around trying to convince people of the necessity ever since. Their reasoning is that democracy in the Middle East would benefit us all. If you don't

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CREEDS OF OPPRESSIVE.

acceptable to them is to continue nay, institutionalize the occupation, with continued settlement-building and military terror campaigns in the West Bank. They have no problems with choosing for prime minister a man, Ariel Sharon, who is unquestionably indictable for crimes against humanity for his actions in Lebanon. In the Orwellian world of Jesse Weinberg, the greatest violence is not being carried out by an Israeli military armed with the world's most modern weaponry, but by desperate Palestinians striking out with the few weapons they have. Moreover, he is not the least bit concerned by Israeli's violations of international law (Israel being in violation of more U.N. Security Council resolutions than any other nation), or forcible expul-

sions of Palestinians from their homes, but somehow finds room to condemn Palestinians for opposing Israeli encroachment in the occupied territories.

In assessing such a perspective, I would like to quote Jesse Weinberg himself: Before their [sic] can ever be peace in that small corner of South West [sic] Asia, the ideologies of hate must finally be unmasked for what they really are: disgusting creeds of oppressive violence and terror.

On another note, it is unconscionable enough that American tax dollars are going to fund the violence of the occupation, but insult is added to injury by our own college -- the first school in the nation that chose to divest from apartheid South Africa -- investing in

companies doing business with Israel. I see nothing socially responsible about investing funds in a manner which legitimizes the occupation.

But perhaps I should not express that opinion publicly because, according to Jesse Weinberg, it makes me an anti-semitic on the scale of Adolf Hitler. If that's the case, I've no idea what horrendous charges Rachel Corrie, an American college student who was recently crushed to death by an Israeli bulldozer as she attempted to prevent the demolition of a Palestinian home, might have been guilty of.

On those matters, I'll let the readers reach their own conclusions.



continued from page 5

I'VE MISSED YOU ALL. . .

believe this motive just look at some of the comments made by him including something to the affect, "Saudi Arabia should be afraid is because we are bringing Democracy", keep in mind Saudi Arabia helped fund the first Gulf war and is helping though to a lesser extent this time. But this simply doesn't hold water for me. Any government that will be set up will not be a democracy, it won't be in a long time, and we simply lack the will power and the money and the will to set up democratic institutions.

So what is it then? I can't figure it out. Let me remind you, I've been taking political science courses since my junior year in high school. I just don't know. The small factors don't add up, and there's no real big reason, moral or immoral. The reason I don't like the war is that it doesn't make sense.

H!A!G!E!

Hi. I'm Toriyumon wrestler Genki Horiguchi



WELL, REALLY IT'S JUST MY HEAD



I'm sorry, that was too much exposition.



BY JEFFREY PATERMOSTRO



Redsneakers Journalism

by: Jesse Frola

Of all the things I've been called in my life, "jock" has not been among the methods people have addressed me with. This all changed the moment I transferred to Hampshire. Suddenly, the fact that I can do physical activity puts me ahead of the proverbial pack. Now I'm not saying all Hampshire students are lazy lumps who are almost incapable of mustering up the effort to trim their facial hair before it looks ridiculous...oh wait...yes, yes I am.

I mean seriously. I'm a geek. I write for the Omen, I film stuff, and I play video games. That's what I DO. Now, however, I find myself itching to play basketball and driving to Pennsylvania to support my local sports teams. This is NOT how the natural balance of things works. Geeks do geek things; Jocks do jock things. ¡No combinando! I suppose it could be blamed on Hampshire...after all, this is the place to branch out, and explore new theories of thought, right? After all, otherwise, Hampshire has only shown me that I truly am a capitalist at heart, and that the legendary four-square sluts are a myth. A vile myth.

You may have become familiar with my name and writing style through my numerous rants regarding Dance Dance Revolution. This arcade extravaganza is just one of many events that got me into shape. Allow me to describe how I became the mass of muscle I am today.

The bathrooms in Merrill are

very strange. There is, however, a conveniently placed bar holing aloft the shower curtain that is absolutely perfect for morning/evening chin-ups or pull-ups. I find that variety in one's exercises can be the spice of life. Besides, it's fun to be able to kick the ceiling.

Having a good dancing background can make getting in shape fun! Now I admit that making an ass of yourself in an arcade caters to a very small population, but I'm talking about real dancing here. I used to swing dance for a few years in high school, which gave me a bit of a passion for the art of looking good on the dance floor. I also dipped into the rave scene for quite a long time, and believe you me, I accumulated no small amount of skill. I know that particular scene is dead or dying, but don't mock it around me or I'll hit you with a glowstick.

I'm from South Jersey. That being said, those of you in the know realize that this means I know how to play soccer the way it was meant to be played. No seriously, you prolly don't understand exactly how much stock is put into making sure that children, no matter how ill-fit for physical activity they are, learn soccer and learn it well. That being said, however, I have developed a passion for watching/playing another sport: lacrosse. It's awesome: I can throw the ball farther than normal; I'm wearing armor; and if I get pissed, I just hit the other guy with my stick! It's like candy

I'M A JOCLAR KIND OF GUY

for the soul!

Speaking of hitting people with sticks, I enrolled in an OPRA course and am learning Shotokan Karate. Now perhaps this is my destiny, being mostly Irish and Italian, but I happen to like fighting. It gets you flexible and in shape, and if you screw up, you get hurt. Instant negative reinforcement! All you psych Div IIs should totally comprehend that. Do we even have Psych here? Ahh, no matter. You can do anything here.

Finally, there is my pride and joy. World Wrestling Collective, how have I survived this long without knowing the pleasure of hurling another human being through a poorly-constructed table? My hands itch for the opportunity. At no point in my life before now have I had the motive to become strong, in all honesty. But now...now...now I MUST become stronger! I will become the triple crown champion! I...well, my character, at least, swear/swears it!

So there you have it. These are the reasons I can be called a jock. Of course, my old friends chuckle at the thought. In an IM convo with my ex, she stated "lol, white sports like lacrosse." Does this ethnic distinction really matter though? If I was playing a sport for another ethnicity... like say "Bulgarian four-square" or "Canadian running from the bears," would that make me more of a jock? I think not.



MAKING THE MOD: HAMPSHIRE'S NEW REALITY TV SHOW

by: Joseph "Lemmy" Rosenbaum

So, it's almost time for the second season of Hampshire's mod lottery. Frankly, I'm surprised it didn't get canceled last semester. I mean, sure, I guess it can be cool to see students running around, frantically trying to drop or pick up members so they can fit into a different-sized mod, but mostly it's just boring. Whoever has the most points gets to pick the next available mod of their group's size. Not very interesting, if you ask me. I don't even know why it's called a lottery. Doesn't the word lottery imply luck? It would be a lottery if random people were given a mod, or if each person was given a random number of points. But there are set criteria for everyone's point total, and then it's all about which group has the most points. No luck there, unless you call getting a mod because not enough other groups showed up enough.

The mod hunt has the potential to be very interesting, however, because many people would like to live in a mod, and many would be willing to pay a price, I believe. Maybe not financial... I mean, that would imply that Hampshire students have any money left after tuition and whatever else. But if mods were given out based on merit or something, I believe people would try to earn a spot.

This is why I think the mod lottery should be turned into a game. If we can make it popular enough, some station or another will pay lots of money to air it. Some of this money can go to the students and organizers, and

the rest can go to the college. I mean, we know they need cash, so anything we can do to raise them some funds is a plus, right?

The game will be called Making the Mod. At the beginning of April, interested students will sign up to compete in various challenges. Challenges will include eating only at Saga for a week, making dinner in a mod kitchen without setting off the fire alarm, and going thirty waking minutes without using any illicit drugs. For each challenge a player completes, a point will be awarded. So, the more stuff you do, the more points you have.

At the end of each day, it's voting time! Each contestant has to vote for someone who they don't want to get into the mods. The more points you have, the more your vote counts, so people who have done well in challenges may be able to knock out people they don't like. Of course, students with only a few points could gang up and knock out the dangerous people. The catch is, point totals will not be revealed, so everyone will need to guess how many points the others have, based on personal observation and conversations. Whichever student gets the most votes against him will be knocked out of competition.

Late entries to the contest will be accepted. But because students entering late would, effectively, have been immune from a bunch of votes, they will need to earn a certain number of points to be allowed to compete in the mod grab on April 30. Plus,

their votes will likely be weaker since they'll have had less time to acquire points.

On April 30, after one final student is voted out, it will be time for the remaining students to try to grab their mod of choice. This will be similar to the mod lottery we have now, except once again the point totals will not be officially released, and of course the points would have been earned instead of handed out. Oh yeah, and groups must select their mod of choice in secret. In other words, groups will write down, instead of announcing, which mod they would like. The judges will tally up each group's points and award mods one-by-one. But, if a group tries to get a mod that another group wins, the losing group will be charged some points. So, each group will need to be very careful in trying to select a mod they think they can actually win. Otherwise they could get stuck with a mod no one wants - or no mod at all!

Of course, the game can't stop there. There are sure to be squabbles between modmates, especially because many of them would have connected for strategic reasons. Therefore, a mod can call for a vote at any time, and can vote out one of its own members. Once again, the more points a student has, the more his vote counts (which is why he may not want to be so honest about his point tally on April 30). If a student is voted out of the mod, that mod must choose someone who had been voted out during point-

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OMEN LOVE

by: Juno Orion

The Omen loves me. Isn't that great? I looked it up, and every issue of it that I have confirms this. "The Omen loves you," they all say. In fact, it's part of their policy to love me. I am loved. I may never need to be lonely again. On the other hand, that's kind of creepy. I mean I doubt The Omen has any clue as to who I am. And it loves me? I'm not even sure how it knows of me. Certainly some of this is my fault, since I never knocked on The Omen's door and introduced myself. I haven't even written an article for it until now. Chalk it up to Apathy. If I ever get around to it, I'll write an article on Apathy, and Laziness. What can I say? I'm lazy when it comes to doing things. But that's not the point. The point is community. The Hampshire Community, more specifically, or lack thereof. Perhaps we're all too lazy to make one.

I remember reading in some sort of official Hampshire Marketing Document (which I am too lazy to look up) that the college strongly encourages (practically forces) everyone to live on campus in an effort to strengthen the "community." Perhaps I'm the only

one here, but I don't define "community" as "people living together in the same geographical location." I define community as a group of people living together with similar goals, as a place where all those living in it are integral to it. Where the members are all needed. Yes, this does include the members having responsibility too. Responsibility: the arch nemesis of Apathy's Utopia.

Perhaps there is a Hampshire Community out there somewhere in the depths of the campus. A place where everyone works to maintain it, and everyone is happier because of it. Where everyone is needed, not just because of what they provide, but also because of who they are. A place like Tamarack Farm, (if you don't know, then never mind). A place where those involved become the place. I am idealistic aren't I?

Maybe, less idealistically, there is a Hampshire Community and it gives back as much as is given to it. I wouldn't know. Writing this article (and arranging for an absurd amount of money to go to the Hampshire Institution) is about all I've given to this place.

Articles like this bother me, 'cause here I am complain-

ing, stating that Hampshire isn't perfect, but I'm not doing anything about it. I'm even stating that I'm not doing anything about it. I'm not providing any answers. We could maybe clean up after ourselves. (Why are the laundry rooms soooo messy??) We could stop stealing other people's things. We could stop pulling fire alarms. But we don't know each other. And we're all doing different things, because we've all chosen our own educations. We're all "learning what we love." Right? That's how the Hampshire Experiment works, right? There are many reasons that the college is the way it is, and that social life at it is the way it is. And there are many ways I could be more social. But there are 1200 (or so) students here. And even if we were all studying "film" we'd all be doing something different. So how does a community form out of this group of strangers? There's a lot of diversity here. (Diversity of interests, anyway.) That should be advantageous. And The Omen loves us all. Yeah, that's right, it loves you too. There's no need to be jealous. You're part of its policy too.



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MAKING THE MOD...

earning season or who didn't get a mod on the 30th. For the student sent out of the mod, happy dorming!

Mods can compete too. Think you could have won a better mod? Challenge that mod, and take it if you have more points than its inhabitants. Just make sure you can actually win that battle, or you'll be facing the consequences...

This game probably sounds complicated on paper. I'll need to iron out the rules with some Fox or CBS execs. But trust me, this would rule! I mean, I'd have to compete, and I don't even want a mod! I've already got that Saga point down...





FINGERING YOUR FRIENDS

Finger, you say? Yes, finger. This is a wonderful tool that exists in the world of Unix based operating systems. The main page says: "The **finger** displays information about the system users" (the emphasis is theirs!). Among other things, you can find out whether or not that user is logged in, how long it has been since they've checked their mail, and when they last received new mail. Sounds exciting, right? No? Well, then, you're not a geek. But that's okay, because this little ditty is aimed at everyone!

Before we get started about the specifics, let's get some context. If you're any sane human being, you probably use a graphical program to check your e-mail. If you set it up yourself, you probably learned that you get your e-mail from stout. When your e-mail program (or, in geek speak, "e-mail client") gets your e-mails from stout, it logs in to stout with your username and password in order to download your e-mail and store it on your hard drive. I've glossed over a lot here in order to make the explanation simpler (while simultaneously revealing my ignorance of networking!). I'm also doing this off the cuff for the Omen people, so if it sucks, blame them; I was planning on writing this for the next issue.

Anyway, if you wanted, you could log in to stout yourself and read your e-mail, using a program called pine. Pine does something similar to what webmail does, except that pine is entirely text based. That last paragraph was irrelevant. If you want, you can pretend it never

happened. The only thing you should take from that is that you can log into stout yourself. I am not deleting it because it is an extremely valuable paragraph, in the scheme of the next page or so that I have to fill.

How do you log in to stout, you say? If you use Windows, you can use a program called putty (a Google search should do you right). If you use a Mac with OS 9 or earlier, you would probably use NiftyTelnet. For both of these, the name of the host is stout.hampshire.edu. If you've got OS X, you're running a Unix variant... so you already have SSH! Try typing 'ssh stout' in a terminal window.

In all cases, it will prompt you for your username and password. Use the ones you use for webmail (e.g., mjm99, and the appropriate password).

Once you're in, you'll be presented with something called the command line. This is how they did it, kids; back in the day, there weren't any graphics, so this was it. This is where the magic happens.

Do me a favor and just type 'finger.' Now you have a list of everyone who is logged on. Some of these people just have their e-mail clients running, while some people may be logged in much like you. You can see people's names, their login names (the names that you would use to e-mail these people!), how long they've been idle, when they logged on, and things of that nature.

Now comes the fun part. Type finger, and then someone's last name. You should more

by: Matthew Montgomery, good!!!!

detailed information about them. You can do this with their first name, as well. If you typed in the name of someone who shares either a first or last name with other people on campus, then you're likely to see many different people's information.

This is a great tool I used to use before the online directory. If you know someone's first name or year, or if you get an e-mail from someone on campus who doesn't put their name, you can type in any of those pieces of information and get the person's name.

The best is yet to come, however. Depending on who you fingered, you may or may not have seen a line "No Plan" in someone's information. Or, you may have seen a line "Plan:" followed by a bunch of text that may have been funny or boring or whatever, but looks distinctly out of place.

This is the magical thing called the .plan. You can write anything in your .plan, and it will show up when someone fingers you. Try fingering your computer savvy friends; if they're cool enough, they'll have a .plan, or even a .project. If not, you can always finger me: mjm99. It doesn't matter if that user is on; their information will always show up if they have a user name and password on this machine (or, in geek speak, "an account").

Would you like to make a .plan? Of course you would. All you need to do to get a .plan is to make a file named ".plan" and write stuff in it. If you're new to Linux, you can type 'pico .plan' and you'll get a simple editor with which you can write whatever you like in your .plan. When you're done, you can press CTRL-E to save. Hit enter, and your file is saved. CTRL-X will let you quit. To make sure it worked, type

finger and then your login name, and you should see what you just wrote in your .plan.

To make a .project, something similar to .plan that will show up, you would do the same thing; just make a .project file.

So, go out there and make a .plan! And if you make one, tell all your friends so they'll make their own, too. This .plan business is a big deal at Amherst College, with people keeping their .plans up to date and all that. In fact, when Amherst upgraded to a new system without it, they acquired a site called www.planworld.net, where Amherst people keep their .plans and other people can read them. I don't know if anyone can put their .plans on, though (I just got the link from Zole).

I'm out of space now. Seriously, make a .plan. It's fun.

Good bye!



A PROPOSITION:

I am writing this article on the first non-snowy, non-rainy day since break. I have been sunning with my cigarettes and my brown leather jacket for the better part of an hour, and I was cool like Fonzie. Next week is gonna be this warm, mid seventies I hear. It's also gonna be 4/20, and Easter, and the last week real weekend of fun-having before papers are due, and Accepted Students Day.

Which brings me to my point. Attrition rate be damned, I want an influx of the coolest, craziest kids around. I want to see in my school people who fingerprint and climb trees and can have 8 shots of vodka and still be able to argue whether or not postmodernism is dead. I want people who are so excited about life they don't notice whether there are leaves or pens or squirrels caught in their hair, and for whom clothes are no object.

I therefore propose 4/19, this Saturday, to be ALL-COMMUNITY NAKED DAY! Show everyone you're not ashamed of your body! Show the Accepted Students (and their parents) what kind of fearless, frolicking school we are! Play frisbee with your nipples dancing in the sun! Watch your penis bob like the marker of some happy tune as you run to the cool shade of the library! Finally show off ALL your tattoos!

Does it matter that your skin is brown and mine is pink? Does it matter that you have large breasts and I have small, or that you are circumcised and I am not? Does it matter that I am HACU and you are CS? NO! We are all together, naked, freely exposed, and there is a glory in all that we have!

Yes. Many will disapprove. Many will run in fear upon sight of our gloriousness. They were never fit for Hampshire. They and their silly parents will run to the nearest car and return to suburbia, where the breast is bound, the testicle constrained by underwear. Those who will stay will join us, forgetting their clothed past. Together we will roam free, free, at last.



by: All Hartley



Beth sez GRRRR!

Since I've been accused of only submitting kitties lately, I figured I would actually make an attempt at writing an article. I only have two more issues (including this one to write) which is really sad. Everything is coming together for my Div III, I just have to sit down and do revisions. I don't think you ever really feel done until you have your final meeting, and my final meeting is April 30th. Even then I may not feel done because I have to do a presentation of my project to NS on May 8th. Everyone should come. The NS presentations are fascinating, especially if you're an NS student curious about what NS students do for their Div IIIs. I have no idea how I'm going to adequately talk about this massive project in 10 minutes. I've been working on this stuff since the end of last May, and my Div III has two distinct parts of research. I could talk on and on, but likely I'll never have time to.

Anyways, I thought I'd compile a list of things I think people, or at least myself, should do before graduating. This kind of goes along with my things I like about Hampshire list.

Hike to the top of at least one of the mountains in the Holyoke Range: I've hiked up at least three. The view is worth all the work, and I just like being

THINGS I INTEND TO DO BEFORE I GRADUATE

outside in the woods.

Go to the Hampshire Tree on a clear night and look at the stars: If you haven't done this yet, why the hell did you go to school in the buttfuck of nowhere?

Go to a protest about something you care about: I have always intended to do this, but hardcore activists really scare me. Probably for the same reason walking into mods where I only know one or two of the people scares me. It only makes sense to me. I'm crazy, I know.

Go see the dinosaur footprints which are located someplace on the way to Mt. Holyoke: I've always intended to do this, my childhood love of dinosaurs tells me I can't not do this.

Go Disco Bowling at Northampton Bowl: Oh yes, I will do this before graduating. I hope it still happens.

Go rollerskating at that rink above the mall: The Dakin Interns all went and did this about a month ago. I think we were the only people above the age of 14.

Attend a party at the firepit in the woods: These small to large gatherings of friends and strangers by the fire can often include various casual substances, marshmallows and storytelling. I don't know what it is about fires that makes people feel compelled to tell stories. I guess that's one part of our human history that never dies. At Hampshire, however, it seems fires compel people to bring out

their digeridoos and drums as well.

Write an article or submit something for the Omen: It took me until the very end of my second year to do this, and I don't think I ever intended to get as involved in the Omen as I have. I think once I came to layout I found I liked the people involved, and I was hooked. Writing Omen articles is truly a great way to procrastinate.

Go to a theatre show: They do great stuff there. And it makes you feel good to be supporting Hampshire student work.

Watch the Red Scare play: Because Ultimate Frisbee is the sport we seem to take most seriously at this school.

Attend Hampshire Halloween, Drag Ball, the Keg Hunt, and Spring Jam: Self-explanatory. We don't have many traditional events.

Take an OPRA class: I took Outdoor Adventure Sampler with Karen Warren. It was fun and exactly the level involvement I think I was interested in.

Lead an Orientation Group: Rosalina and I did this Fall 2001, and quite successfully I believe. Our orientees seemed content enough. I think they were just happy because we never made them get up before like 11am if they didn't want to.

Throw a party: I had intentions to do this for my 21st birthday, with some other people who were turning 21 within the same 5 day period. But then my grandfather died (on my birthday) and it never happened for obvi-

ous reasons. And bellingsings don't count.

Go to Deathfest: You losers out there may think that D&D sucks and you'll never do it. But that's just because you've never come to Deathfest. My brother has been roleplaying since I was in 7th grade, and then I came to Hampshire and started going out with Matthew, who roleplays. Through all this time I never wanted to do role-playing because I thought it was, well, an odd thing to do. But then my third year I participated in Deathfest, which takes a very silly, not at all serious view of roleplaying, and no one cares whether you've played before. The whole point of the game is to simply survive until the end.

You'll have fun, I guarantee it. I like to steal shit. And there's prizes at the end.

Order calzones: Oh god, I don't know how I survived before calzones.

Go to a party at one of the other colleges: I've been to a couple Smith parties while my brother was visiting. I've always wanted to go to a frat party however.

Live in a mod: I did this for about a month before I became an Intern. I wish I'd lived in a mod my final year. But I was glad to have gotten out of my other mod, it was like a sinking ship. It could have been really fun if it had worked out better.

Go to the Yiddish Book Center and the Eric Carle

Museum: I still have to do both of these.

Go on a crazy random road trip to someplace more than two or three hours away: I keep trying to get Zole to take me to Canada.

I'm sure there are other things I should do before I graduate. But I can't remember anymore. Good luck everyone on finishing your Div IIIs, because the next Omen will come out after the date which cannot be named. And to all you non-Div IIIs, I hope pre-registration went pretty well for you, and you find time to have fun in between all your work. Spring in New England feels miraculous.



ZAZAK
The Omen Maniac

You Suck

ZAZAK
The Omen Maniac

by: Zak Kauffman

A few weeks ago Beth 'Tasty Ass' Day wrote an article telling you all to stop asking my people how our div 3's are going. A lot of people laughed, thought it was funny. It wasn't funny. Beth was being dead fucking serious. Stop fucking asking.

I'm a second semester div 3 student. That means that my div 3 is due in about 2 weeks. The dead line is tangible. There is schedule is my life, and if I've point, there is no catching up.

For the record, my div 3 is intact. But it's still the main the time, freaking me out 24/7. not working on my div 3, which I'm freaking out right now. FREAK! So my point is, I don't want to talk about my div 3 right now. The phrase 'Div 3' freaks me out. When I hear it, I start thinking about my div 3, and I start freaking out, and I start thinking about May 1st, and I start thinking about the fact that I'm still not done shooting, and I start thinking about how I don't like my movie, and I start thinking about May 1st, and I stop relaxing, I stop taking a break, and I start thinking about MAY 1st. I want to take a break, I want to relax, I want to go to Deathfest and hang out at Omen layout and take a meal at Saga and watch a movie and play some Smash Bros. But you keep asking me about my div 3. You won't stop. Stop it.

If you really want to know about my div 3, then ask me. But don't just use it to make conversation. You don't really care. it's going ok. Don't ask me about the most stressful thing in my life just to pass the time. You suck. If you really just want to pass time, ask me how my mother's doing. She's a wonderful woman. Additionally, the thought of her is comforting. You suck.

The deadline is May 2nd. Things are going ok. It'll get done. Stop persecuting my people. You suck.



BETTER THAN DEF JAM: VENDETTA

by: Karl Moore

Now in its sixth year at Hampshire College, the World Wrestling Collective has provided the best amateur professional wrestling for longer than most student groups have been in existence. However, due to the progressive graduation of several key members and the general wane in the popularity of professional wrestling, our little group that could is in danger of going the way of The Forward. Chances are, people aren't interested; that's a given. However, I've an inkling that more people would join if they knew how much fun they could have in the WWF. Most people who have expressed interest in the past have wanted to be wrestlers- the hardest part of which is coming up with a character. To show you how easy that is, I present the Hampshire College Create-A-Wrestler Template.

Gimmick: Completes the sentence "I am a (an) _____." Arch-capitalist, Bulgarian national hero, whatever. A gimmick is simply your wrestler's distinguishing aspect. Let's see... how about a role-playing enthusiast?

Name: There are several ways to name your wrestler: You have your three-letterers

(DDP, HHH, IRS,) your inventive cool names (Diesel, Black Tiger) Kids (Dragon, Dynamite, 1-2-3), to name a few. Anything goes. You can certainly use your real name, with or without embellishments (Kurt Angle, "Sexual Chocolate" Mark Henry.) My invented wrestler shall be... "Dungeon Master" Todd Montgomery.

Ancillary nicknames abound- Scott Steiner and Stone Cold Steve Austin both have at least four. Todd could go by.... "D.M.", "Mr. Pen & Paper", "The Iron Geek," etc.

Look: Critical to your wrestler- For D.M., I'd go with an oversized Hot Topic-esque geeky shirt, (dragons, wizards, etc.) cutoff jeans, and sneakers. Use clothes you wouldn't mind getting dirty; and stay away from hard-soled shoes. Check out www.highspots.com for real pro wrestling gear, fairly reasonably priced.

Entrance Theme: You should pick a theme that fits your character and helps motivate you; something you wouldn't mind blasting in front of a crowd. For D.M., I'd pick Weezer's "In The Garage," from the "I got a Dungeon Master's Guide..." bit, or Tenacious D's "Wonderboy."

Special Moves: Every wrestler has his or her own pet moves- for DM, how about a simple judo takedown into a pin, call it the Saving Throw. A chokeslam or mandible claw, with emphasis on use of the hand, would naturally be

known as the Monstrous Manual. An old standby becomes fresh again, and makes a nice-sounding finisher when called the AD&DDT. If you want to inject some levity into your moveset, add the D-12, where you get the opponent in a headlock, then roll to see how many times you kick him. There are only so many ways you can manipulate two bodies, you're sure to find one that suits you (and looks like it hurts the other fella.)

Five minutes, and I already have a ready-made character, with potential as both a face and a heel (Good guy or bad guy, in wrestlespeak). Face D.M. is a painfully shy wallflower with a good heart, heel D.M. is an overbearing, obnoxious, pedant who dominates the conversation.

So come, join us. We're nice people who enjoy horsing around in a safe, supremely fun way. We need not only wrestlers, but especially announcers and referees. We welcome you., WWC: it's easy, fun and safer than your mom.



T.G.I.E.O.T.S. (Thank God it's the end of the semester!) You've made it through the winter and you're almost there. You can power through these brutal last days by taking a break to enjoy the event of the semester on Saturday, April 26, when the 4 house offices, leadership center and OPRA, bring you Stress Free Play Day. Here is a chance to kick up your heels, leave your worries at the computer screen and treat yourself to some fun! Activities will take place from 2-6pm in and around the RCC. Use all your pent-up energy to enjoy outside festivities like a bouncy castle, bungee run, three-legged race, flag football, capture the flag, and obstacle courses. Pamper yourself in the upper RCC with a relaxing line-up of luxurious services including: massage, yoga, pastries & coffee, fruit smoothies, natural facials, hair braiding, a community mural project and more. Don't miss this chance to de-stress!

submitted by: Daniel Ben-Veniste



Section ZOLE

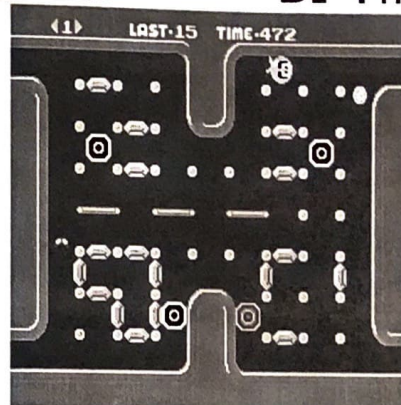


by: Michael Zole

I've been playing the new *Legend of Zelda* game recently, and it got me thinking about the general idea of updating older games. A game company's intellectual property is one of its biggest assets, especially when it comes to popular franchises, as series like Mario and Zelda are now known. On the "artistic" side, it's fun to see how developers update a game while trying to stay true to the gameplay that made the original fun. Nintendo, of course, has some of the longest-running franchises, and gets the most attention (good and bad) when they update any of them. Oh, and money. They get a lot of money when they update any of them.

It seems like Nintendo will eventually run out of old hits to rejuvenate, and their lineup's diversity will suffer, but this is not the case. Nintendo has a huge backlog of hits that they have refrained from updating - presumably for artistic reasons - that would most likely rake in tons of cash. Here I am referring, of course, to *Clu Clu Land*. I direct your attention to Nintendo Database's description of this misunderstood classic:

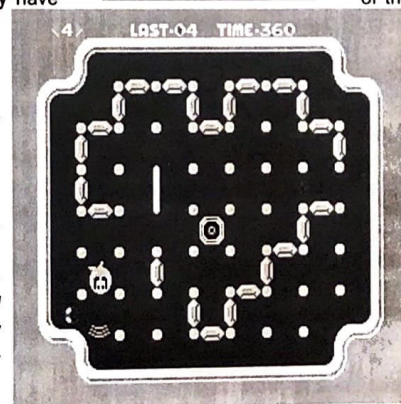
"This is an innovative game loosely inspired by *Pac-Man* (albeit very loosely). You play as Bubbles (Gloopy in Japan),



INTENSE!!!

who is a little fishy creature living in the underwater world of Clu Clu Land. The nasty Sea Urchins have buried all of the treasure between the poles in Clu Clu Land, and to uncover the treasure, Bubbles must cross between the poles that litter the land.

AWESOME!!!



PAID THA COST TO BE THA BOSS

Bubbles can't change direction by herself, though. She can only change direction by extending her arms and swinging on the poles. Additionally, she can shoot a supersonic beam from her mouth that will stun any sea urchins in her way, allowing her to push them into the walls of Clu Clu Land.

When you have uncovered all the treasure in an area, the pieces make up a picture, and you go on to the next stage. As you advance further, you must deal with increased speed, more urchins, and eventually the treasure will need to be crossed once or twice to fully uncover it. The very late levels will re-bury the treasure if you cross over it again - posing some near-impossible puzzles."

How about that? I expect to see *Clu Clu Land 3D* or some such in development by the end of the year. First Nintendo will announce its development, then they will reveal some controversial new design element that will make many fanboys very angry (the word "fagx0r" will get used often), and then they will release the game and it will sell a million copies. This is how things work in the game industry. It's rough, but on the plus side, it's also annoying.



YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

by: James Potter

I've got a lot of reviews to share with you this week. I've been busy trying to catch up on everything I've gotten my grubby little hands on in the last month or so. So in honor of the fact that Metallica are getting MTV's third "Icon" award (Janet Jackson and Aerosmith are the other musicians to get it), our rating scale is going to be based on Metallica members, once again, ranging from the head-banging best (0) to the one we wish would all just go away (5). Also new this time? I'm going to put in pictures of the record covers. Give me feedback, let me know what you think, say hi, whatever; you can write to jcp00@hampshire.edu. Oh, and apparently I've had some fans (and detractors) on the Daily Jolt (or so my mod-mate tells me). Being famous is fun.

Rating Scale:

0=Cliff Burton ("Anesthesia Pulling Teeth." 'Nuff said)

1=Dave Mustaine (Although he wasn't officially on any of Metallica's full-length recordings, any recovering alcoholic that has a penchant for jumping out of planes is a-ok in my book)

2= James Hetfield (He may be an avid hunter [boo], but any man who can add "eaaah" to the end of every word and still sound like he could kick your ass deserves appraisal)

3= Kirk Hammett (If you ask me, he relies far too heavily on the wah-wah pedal, but man can he play guitar)

4=Jason Newsted (Come on. He looks like a constipated

fish when he's playing his bass. Not to mention, Flotsam and Jetsam were awful with a capital "awful")

5=Lars Ulrich ("Let's go put on our tennis whites and sweatbands and sue Napster! Hurrah! And I'm short!")

The Ataris-So Long, Astoria (2003, Columbia Records)

I can't tell you how happy it makes me that the very first track on this album ("So Long, Astoria") is one big giant reference to *The Goonies*. That aside, this is a fairly decent pop-punk album. And don't try to call them anything other than pop-punk because it won't work. There are definitely tracks on here that sound similar to Blink 182, Simple Plan, and all of those other whiney-voiced pop bands that are so popular with the kids these days, but there's a crucial difference between those bands and the Ataris. Not only do the Ataris write catchier songs, they're also much more mature about it. Yes, it's true a lot of the songs on *So Long, Astoria* have lyrics that sound as though they came out of a high-schooler's diary, but at least it's a mature high schooler. In this sense, the Ataris come across much more like Jimmy Eat World than Blink 182. Unfortunately, another aspect of the Ataris maturing to a major label is the production. It's much too clean and crisp, which takes away a lot of the charm found on their earlier

releases. Although this record could not be separated from the crowd, and definitely could not kick your ass, it gets a *Kirk Hammett* for its troubles.

Boyssetsfire-Tomorrow Come Today (2003, Wind-Up Records)



At first, I wasn't sure if I wanted to buy this record. Since I first heard "Rookie" (off of 2000's *After the Eulogy*) on a Victory Records compilation CD, I've had a sort of passive-aggressive relationship with the band. To this day, "Rookie" remains one of my favorite songs, but Boyssetsfire have a tendency to skirt the line between mediocre nu-metal and really good hardcore. This release is no different. Track 2, "Last Year's Nest," a song that critiques blind faith, sounds like most of the stuff on modern rock radio these days, whereas track 7, "Release the Dogs," is a hardcore right hook to the jaw, and track 4, "Full Color Guilt," a song about women's body image and the society that has skewed it, successfully melds the two. But when I picked up the disc in the store, and noticed that on the back there was a sticker stating, "Views of Boyssetsfire do not necessarily reflect the views of Wind Up Records," I knew I had to buy it. It makes me happy that despite the fact that Boyssetsfire made the jump to the same label that is home to Jesus-complex rockers Creed, their convictions haven't gone anywhere. The whole album is

continued on page 18

I.R.SEX

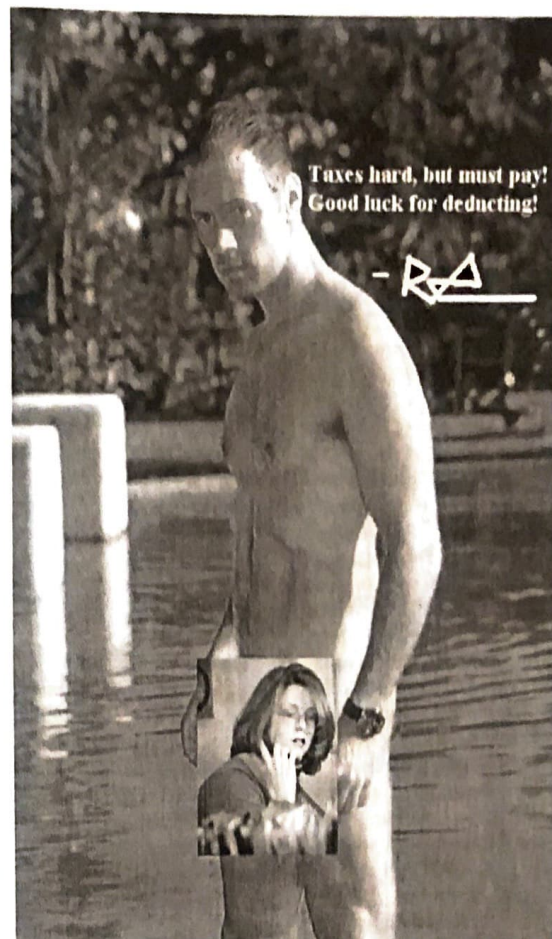
by: Karl Moore
Ah, yes, Hampshire, they say April showers bring flowers of May. Is apropos, yes- I recently signing contract for Evil Angel to star in piss-films trio. First is romance spy thriller, *Gold In Eye*. Is not just pissing! All in ass-banging, slapping, yes. Then is comedy of mistake identity, *Urine Trouble*. Last, is literary adapt- *Remembrance of Things Pissed*. Proud they making me- I must have the realism, so no goggles for girls.

I must speak, war on Iraq-war is bad, no time for rough sexing in battle fever. Also people not fight dying, shame, shame! But, thing is better, but slow- I see food ready to ship for Iraqis hungry- most is rice! Happy Iraqis I hope making risotto! As long as no Hostess-Pringles swill-shit they eat, I am happy in them!

April is also time of tax, United States and *Italia*. I deduct things many- exercise equipping, food I fly in from *Italia*, drum of bull-semen. Biggest deductions is travel- I film always in locations, and always making like films *Rocco Invades Poland*, *Rocco Ravages Prague*... flights, limousines not cheap.

I giving to charity constant- Like UNICEF No More Landmines Bung Bang- I make fifty thousand dollar one night, but I give all away- not tax, but no money. I need lire! For family!

So many regulatings...Like if I spit in ass, then banging pretty secretary in office governmental-



do for the banging I deduct- I provide service, yes? Tax codes, especially in *Italia*, is like American car- is no good, make design no sense!

Then, are lawsuit pending-girl in film say "Oh, cruel Rocco, Ass you rip! Pay bill medical!" If she win, I must pay!

Is confusing- reason for

accountant! Enjoy picture of me work with mine!

Ciao, Hampshire! Hope no auditing!



continued from page 16

HEAR WHAT I HAVE...

littered with politics, from the songs mentioned above to songs that deal with the War in Iraq, spousal abuse, and singer Nathan Gray's crisis of faith between being Christian and being gay. It should also be said that Gray has one of the most distinct, and rather operatic voices in hardcore, and that definitely bolsters this release. This record gets a *James Hetfield*.

Cave In-Antenna (2003, RCA Records)

Cave In's first release, *Beyond Hypothermia*, saw the band as a standout metalcore band, not unlike fellow Bostonians Converge. As the band went on through the years however, they started venturing into newer territory, and the marked change in their style first showed up on 2000's *Jupiter*. Stylistically, *Antenna* is much closer to *Jupiter* than *Beyond Hypothermia*, but you can still hear bits and pieces of what they have become in that release. Regardless, *Antenna* is a sweeping, swirling, and swooning space rock release viewed through hardcore nerd glasses. In the first song on the album, "Stained Silver," lead singer Stephen Brodsky croons, "Pop culture with a pin/Watch it wheeze in the air like a dying balloon." The pins Cave In want to use? The bed of nails and crown of thorns that Brodsky speaks of in the fourth track, "Anchor." Here's to hoping that they do. *Cliff Burton* is banging his head to this up in the heavens.

Cursive-The Ugly Organ



(2003, Saddle Creek Records)

Had

Conor Oberst of Bright Eyes

paid less attention in anger management class, this is the career-defining album he would have released in place of last year's *Lifted*. Lyrically, Tim Kasher's words share similarities to his label mate, and he even yelps and wails occasionally like Oberst, but where the important difference lies is in the anger and force with which this album is delivered. *The Ugly Organ* (a metaphor for Kasher's broken heart?) is a pushing, snapping, post-hardcore rock opera about a sensitive boy recovering from a break up, and the recording process he went through to heal himself. After 2000's *Domestica*, the album Kasher wrote to chronicle his divorce, it only makes sense. Interestingly enough, Cursive's return to the single life also marks the full-length debut of the band's cellist, Gretta Cohn. And although the only other thing that she has played on of Cursive's was 2001's *Burst and Bloom EP*, her playing compliments these songs so well that it's hard to imagine Cursive without her. Had he lived, *Cliff Burton* would have gone through rehab but then started drinking again because of this album.

The Faint-Danse Macabre



Remixes (2003, Saddle Creek/Astralwerks)

If I had it my way, all techno would sound like this. All of the remixes succeed in

raising the beat-quotient of the original tracks, making some sound like house music ("The Conductor"), and others more chill-out oriented ("Ballad of a Paralyzed Citizen"), but they all still bear the brand of the Faint's tight pants and black mascara style of New Wave. Tracks 5, Photek's remix of "Total Job", and 6, Jagz Kooner's remix of "Agenda Suicide," sound like Morrissey-gone-industrial, and track 2, The Calculators' remix of "Posed to Death," is Depeche Mode's Dave Gahan having dirty dance floor sex with Debbie Harry. This album for the most part, makes for a good listen, and it does succeed in making you want to dance, but its hampered by the fact that these songs were all done well the first time around, and, while there are a few remixes that inventively (and successfully) re-imagine the songs, there is nothing really to make them superior. But, when it comes down to it, this would make even *James Hetfield* shake his rump.

Joan of Arc-So Much Stay-



ing Alive and Loveliness (2003, Jade Tree Records)

This is a jerky album. Despite its mellow exterior, it jumps around to dozens of different places in each song, and manages to snap you along with it. If not for this, the lulling guitar parts (between the jerks) and the singsong speaking that characterizes Tim Kinsella's singing would most likely put one to sleep. However, the abrupt changes in guitar melody and Kinsella's faltering off-key high

notes keep you awake and listening. There are also definite experimental influences to this album. Pop song structure be damned, Kinsella will do whatever the hell he wants, which, while it makes for interesting listening, doesn't necessarily put this at the top of my list for best record of the year. Either way, this is an album that requires intent listening. The lyrics read like a sunny summer day spent inside moping, and on Track 3, "Perfect Need and Perfect Completion" Kinsella successfully pairs a head-nodding rhythm section with pedal steel, organ, and country elements. However, like mentioned before, Kinsella's voice is not for everyone, and the guitar parts can be jarring. When it comes down to it, this album gets a drunken *James Hetfield*, just for not being like anything else I've ever heard.

Mad Caddies-Just One More (2003, Fat Wreck Chords)

The Mad Caddies are fun. There's no pretense about it. They play ska songs with feet in both skate punk and Dixieland. The subject matter doesn't get much deeper than girls, drugs, and parties. And on the occasion when they do get serious, it's rarely more than the girls and the alcohol getting a little too close, and soon it's time to cry in their beer. Granted, this record (the Caddies' fourth full length) has songs about the state of our nation ("Riot" and "Silence"), but for the most part, this is nostalgic party music to play loud at a beer-b-q. And I ask, don't we all need a bit of that? As long as you don't take this record too seriously,



it can get stuck in your head mighty quickly. *Dave Mustaine*

uses skydiving to get his kicks instead of liquor, but who cares?

Reggie and the Full Effect-Under the Tray (2003, Vagrant/Heroes and Villains)

This is what happens when members of the Get Up Kids and Coalesce get together, listen to a whole bunch of New Order, and record an album. What results is some new wave based pop-punk that chugs along like a train. The lyrics manage to be sentimental, broken hearted, and lovesick, all without coming across as whiney, and I think it's the music that's behind it that keeps it from doing so. There is the occasional mishap. Reggie



and the Full Effect tend to plop in some joke tracks between each of the great songs, and that definitely disrupts the flow of what would otherwise be a great record. This record made *Dave Mustaine* laugh at its song titles ("Image is Nothing, Lobsters are Everything," "Apocalypse Wow!", "Linkin Verbz").

\$wingin' Utter\$-Dead Flowers, Bottles, Bluegrass, and Bones (2003, Fat Wreck Chords)

This album is the single best \$wingin' Utter\$ record to date. It manages to combine the spit-in-your-face street punk ferocity of *Juvenile Product of the Working Class*, while retaining the folksy, jangle-pop tone of *Five Lessons Learned*. "No Pariah" kicks off the album with singer Johnny Bonnel snarling "You're just a punk," and at surface, that's what the Utter\$ are. What this record does that *Five Lessons Learned* (and more so their 2000 self-titled release)

didn't is make no bones about the fact that these guys are a bunch of aging street punks from the San Francisco. What it does allow them to do is show maturity (including a marriage proposal in the title track) while still being able to drink beer, spit at cops, and put liberty spikes in their hair. This is the album that Green Day wished they could make when they recorded *Warning*. Hopefully, with this album, the Utter\$ will get the respect that *Cliff Burton* owes them.



by Justin Philpot,
Editor in Chief

THE BELL IS BACK!

by: Rebecca Costello

Let's all heave a relieved sigh (I can hear the Div IIIs sighing especially loudly.) They were still installing it when I took my tour by the other day, but at least it was *there*. I have felt really foolish lately pointing out an empty space between two pillars, let me tell you.

But what's up with all this "maintenance"? It seems that "maintenance" meant "locking the bell up in a cage". I don't know what that all's about. Apparently it used to be that the bell was locked, and you had to check the keys out if you wanted to ring it. They were worried when they first got it that people would just be ringing it all the time, but clearly that's not an issue anymore since a substantial majority of us do want to graduate. So if they're locking it up this time, I'm not sure why; maybe so they can lock it late at night to prevent those noise complaints from the neighbors. (I know...I was surprised to find out that we had neighbors too.) That would be kind of sad.

With that as our introduction, let me now introduce you to this week's theme: Hampshire Traditions Past and Present.

I've been talking to Renee Freedman extensively about this subject (come on, you know her. Renee in Student Affairs – she's knows about everything at Hampshire there is to know. And she teaches knitting really well! Knitting Circle, Merrill Living Room, 4-5:30 every Tuesday) and she's been giving me some insider's information on past

Hampshire traditions. For example:

Fred and Freduation. This is a Merrill tradition. The Merrill equivalent of the Dakin T.P. (and perhaps older than the T.P., which bills itself as the campus' oldest publication – not to be confused with the Omen, which is the campus' oldest continuously running publication) was called "The Fred", and the house staff had a life-size cardboard cut-out of a little boy they called "Fred" who was the Merrill mascot. Apparently he still exists, somewhere, but "The Fred" no longer.

Freduation was for Div III residents of Merrill, and created by David Kerr (professor of communications, retiring this year, who was for many years the Master of Merrill House when they actually had faculty truly connected to residential life – he is a truly awesome guy). The graduating Div IIIs of Merrill would pass under an arch of plastic pink flamingos and receive a bottle of champagne from David Kerr as part of Freduation.

Tragically, the reign of Dr. Bob, former dean of students, ended this tradition. He and his staff could not understand why there would be a tradition in one House that did not exist in the rest, and Freduation died off. This being David Kerr's retirement year, it might be a nice time to bring it back.

SIDS, SAGES, SAMS, and RAPS. SID: Student Intern in Dakin. SAGE: Student Assistant

in Greenwich Enfield (their motto was "It's more than a name.") SAM: Student Assistant in Merrill. RAP: Resident Assistant in Prescott. All of these were the acronyms for the people we now just generally call interns. The acronyms were fun, unique, and an easy way to identify the location of an intern. And the were another casualty of Dr. Bob and his drive for uniformity ("Well, if they're all the same thing why don't we just call them all interns? Thank god for my logic!")

The bell. I mentioned some of the bell's history above, but there was more behind this proud Hampshire tradition than I had expected. When the bell showed up one day, the gift of an alum, no one really knew what to do with it. So they hung it up outside the library and locked it in case it was going to be a nuisance. In the beginning, you rang the bell whenever you passed any division – a Div I exam, or Div II, or Div III. And it wasn't a big deal – you just checked the keys out and rang it. No huge party or especial significance attached. Gradually, it began to be only for Div IIIs, but even then it was a fairly casual affair. Eventually, whoever had the keys got tired of checking them out and just left it unlocked. The tradition of Div III ringing continued, but it was only recently that it evolved into a real celebration, with your friends, food, champagne, and cheering.

The Community (Yellow)

Bike Program. This is a tradition stretching back to the late 70's when a couple of students went to the Merrill House Director and asked if they could start a bike repair shop in Merrill. The crafty director said yes, he would find them a room in the basement – but only if they also maintained a fleet of community bikes. They agreed, and set up shop. Several generations of student maintained this tradition before it died away, to be revived by an intrepid band more recently.

The frogbook. The first frogbook was pictures of all the entering students, faculty, and staff in 1970, in order to introduce everyone to each other. A frog picture on the front gave it the moniker "frogbook" forever. No longer published on paper, it is still online and for a while had the nickname "the stalker book" since it makes finding out who that cutie was so much easier. Unfortunately, IT has seen fit to rename it the bland, untraditional "Directory". This is a matter that should be looked into.

Drag Ball. Who knows who

started it or when – many colleges have one, but perhaps ours is the only one where authentic Drag Kings and Queens give you primping lessons beforehand. In fact, the day this is published will be the day of Drag Ball. Break out your shavers, people!

Naked guy on Accepted Students' Day. The day after this is published is Accepted Students' Day. I missed the accepted students' day for my class (FOO! Fool Fool!) but heard many discussing The Naked Guy, who strolled around and played frisbee while prospective students and their families checked out the college and tried to make a final decision. There was no naked guy the next year...or the year after that...but come on, wouldn't it be a great tradition? I guess being a tour guide I shouldn't hope for a repeat phenomenon (I say that most of my job is to convince the parents to pay for Hampshire, and they would be the ones most freaked out by the naked guy) but it did seem to have potential.

Campus papers dying. The

Climax, the Phoenix, the Permanent Press, the Forward, and now the Climax again...no paper seems to have withstood the test of time. Some of them have lasted many years, some of them a scant few...but none publishes to this day, unless the Climax manages to get another issue out before the end of the year. Maybe by the time I've published this they will have, thus postponing their fate by a little more.

The Omen. Ten years and counting...the campus' oldest continuously-running publication. Come to the Omen's birthday party: "Omen Mike and Cake."

Well, that's your education for today, kids...if you're lucky, next time I'll give you a rundown of Hampshire urban legends. For those of you not in the know, you'll find out why it's *really* called the Morgue, why you might go a little crazy living in Merrill, and how much power the windmill can provide to Enfield – although perhaps it's better not to put in print why the Tavern stopped serving alcohol.



kitty submitted by: Beth Day

SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

THE STREETS OF ETERNITY

I lit my cig, or as those British blokes may say, 'I lighted my fag,' but I hate to call a cig a fag or a fag a cig, or to compare a cig to a stick or an ass goblin, I don't know, but cigs outclass both and even more, like woman and myself, but that isn't the fucking point, ok? The point is I lit the cig and then something happened, then something else happened, and then I found myself strapped down to a bed, naked with my arms spread, legs spread, limbs tied to bedposts by leather, that sort of thing. *At least I'm on my back, I thought, which means that I probably won't get anything up my ass, like a coke bottle or a plunger. Ouch.*

In front of me, standing at the base of the bed, a red head, slim with the tall black leather boots, garter belt, leather bra, spikes around her limbs and a long black whip in her hand. And she was whipping me with extreme accuracy on my nut. Not nuts--nut. She would scream, "left nut!" and whip, hitting that nut, oh so accurate. The pain was horrible, stinging and then I couldn't breathe. It was like having a sunburn slapped, then being punched in the stomach. I won't say it was the worst pain in my life, cause everyone always says that and then they write another story and they say it again, fucking lying monotonous cliché line users, but it was bad. And good. The masochist in me must have

come out because my cock was rock hard, then:

"Right nut!" whip!

"Left nut!" whip!

"Right nut, left nut, ahahahh right nut!" whip whip whip.

Scream. Pain, pleasure, I didn't know which, and I was screaming;

"Oh god, ouch, yes! Stop, ahhhhhhh, no, ahhhhhhhhh, god, ouch, yes, yes, ooooooh, no more, yes, ouch, Jesus save me!, god more!, no more! Help help!, god please don't stop!, the pain! Yes, no, yes, you bitch, die!" and just wailing my head off. In pain, fear, pleasure, joy, hate, rage, stink or who knows what form I yelled in, maybe all of them, but she just kept whipping each nut while my cock laid hard on my stomach, pointing to my head, saying "Hahaha! Like what I got you into!!!?"

Eventually I passed out. I just couldn't take it anymore, whatever it was, whatever feeling I had towards this nut whipping, I couldn't take and I was out cold.

I woke up with a red ball in my mouth, leather straps around my head holding it there, Pulp Fiction style. What woke me up? Oh there is the cause, that leather wrapped red head is riding me. Up and down on my cock. And her hands each have a nipple, mine, and she's twisting them like maybe if she twists far enough my cock will grow. Right nipple for length, left for width. So she twists and

rides, and she rides well, like a cowboy on his trusty steer or a Texan on a lawnmower, or a fucking crazy red head nymph in leather ripping a guy to shreds with her pussy and sexual lust. No, definitely not like a cowboy or Texan. It was that last one for sure, but she had moves, amazing unheard of things. It felt like there was suction in there, like my prick was being pulled into her body by a huge vacuum cleaner, and little fingers on the sides, massaging it in this amazing, profound, mystical way. It was so good, amazing, mind blowing, and I came with a loud grunt and a shot that she must have felt in her pancreas. Then, slowly, but quickly, my dick became limp, shrinking, falling, until, *plop*, it was resting on my stomach. She uttered a sentence; the first since I awoke, her moans having ceased.

"Oh fuck no you don't cock sucker, you little prissy boy, you queer, you do not go limp on me!" with this rage in her eyes and face.

I realized, *I'm tied up, gagged, fuck, she's mad; I'm fucking scared.*

Red leather reached to the bed stand, which had a candle in a skull candleholder, and pulled out some sort of pale rod. She extended it, grabbed me by my tip, and then pulled with determination. She was gonna get this thing going again. I watched limp warrior extend, in length, no width, and then she wrapped some straps from the weird rod around it, and some how it held my pecker up. Then she rode again, moaned and moaned, pinched and bit my nipples,

began slapping me across the face. *I didn't sign up for this, I thought to myself, I really don't think that I signed up for this.*

Finally, just before my nipples fell off and my face had reached a nice color of red from the slapping, she came. She came with a wolf like howl, then scratched her nails down my chest, drawing blood. She farted loud, and took a nice shit. A big juicy one, right onto my balls. My left nut is bigger than the right, and it got the largest deposit. She reached behind her, came back with a Billy club, and knocked me square on the head, knocking me out cold, again.

They kept me chained naked and gagged, except for when fed, for at least two weeks. There were no windows, and I lost track of time I say 'they' because there were other girls who came to use me. Blondes, blacks, Hindu, hippie brunettes, fat, skinny, old and young. All sorts of things were done to me and my body. One of them shaved off all my hair, head and eyebrows included. Another bit the arches of my feet until they bled. Yet another dripped frozen lard on me and licked it off when it melted. There were cuts, hot wax, mousetraps, and so much more.

I was thankful though, for three reasons. One, I always got laid, even if it was for longer than I wanted and in ways I didn't completely enjoy. Two, there were no guys, thank god. And three, nothing was ever inserted into my ass, but one girl did lick my asshole... such heaven.

I must have fucked 40, 45, 50 girls, I dunno, but it was amazing. I slept between rapes; I guess you could call

them that. Yes, between rapes and feeding I slept and dreamed dreams of mountains and skulls.

Finally, one day, I woke up with these rags of clothes on, in the gutter of a dirty street with shitty little stores lining it, and I was soaking wet. I looked up to see a *cow* peeing on me. I just let it fall. I checked my pockets and found fifty dollars US and a pack of cigs with a lighter.



by: Justin Philpot

OMEN COMIX CORNER

H!A!G!E! Vol. 2

BY JEFFREY PATERMOSTRO

THE OMEN HAS A LONG HISTORY OF GOOD COMICS. IT IS A TOUGH STANDARD TO LIVE UP TO.



PERHAPS IF I DRINK THIS CAN OF VARNISH, PEOPLE WILL PAY ATTENTION TO ME.

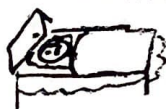


THAT WAS A BAD IDEA.



DIV III By Beth

Or drawing w/ crayon at 1:30am



sleep till noon



Eat bad Saga Food



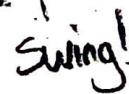
Intend to work on Div III, read Live Journal & Daily Jolt



kitty!!



Knit!!



Swing!



me



renee who is tall

Bake with renee



Play Animal Crossing



charlene me

Wonder with chair why it's so hard to get work done

THIS IS MY FRIEND SUWA (ARTISTS CONCEPTION)

Hi.



TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF

IN DVDVR #118, DEAN RASMUSSEN SAYS "SUWA IS TOTAL FUCKING PSYCHO!"



THIS COMIC IS LAME. AND DERIVATIVE
Sorry, SUWA, it's 2AM and this is the best I can do - e.d.



OH YEAH. BREAK THE 4TH WALL. THAT'S REALLY ORIGINAL. POSTMODERN WHORE.

That's Great.

I LOVE NEW VERSION AMERICAN DEMOCRACY!



YES, BUT WHY CHICKEN HAVE COCA-COLA SYMBOL?

H!A!G!E! Vol. 4

Where Am I?

Sounds of trains in the surf/in subways of the sea/And an even greater undersound/of a vast confusion in the universe



That's not a poem. It doesn't even rhyme

You need to center your font



BY JEFFREY PATERMOSTRO & AARON BUCHSBAUM

The center cannot hold.

SIGH I need better writers



Daily Jolt Roundup

MARCH 30 - APRIL 12

by Aaron Buchsbaum

Sunday, March 30:

User 'britney (Guest)' is wondering whether the "Hampshire Escorts" website is farce or fool-proof. Need a little lovin'? <http://hampshire-escorts.tripod.com> could be the answer for all your buttery dreams. Elsewhere, stress beats sensuality to a blistering pulp as 'div three (Guest)' realizes it's "almost may". Questions are raised concerning the ethics of such a post- specifically the moral implications of reminding Div III's everywhere that the month of... whoops! Almost dropped the M-bomb there.

Monday, March 31:

...sultry trumpet solo plays 'Taps': Course catalogs as they were once known (i.e. last fall) are dead to us. In their stead shall appear a three-year prospective version, and that most prominently in webified format. Such is the word on the rough-n-tumble streets of the DailyJolt. ...trumpet segue into 'Rappers Delight': User 'stctitchblow' announces the last screening of the "HIP HOP ELEMENTS FILM SERIES".

Tuesday, April 1:

User 'Aaron B.' seems a little slow on the uptake, touting his 'discovery' of Greg Prince's retirement e-mail as though several people hadn't already done so. What a BUFFOON! How many times can one person be fooled by an April Fool message? And then s/he

tries to play it cool by acting like a self-deprecatory fuck. Case and point, the degenerate realizations of uber-stupidity leading from "Hmm... possible props due to Mr. Prince" all the way to "Oozing pools of foolishness". Do yourselves a favor and never read anything this ponce writes. In other news, the Fall 2003 courses were finally listed on TheHub.

Wednesday, April 2:

According to 'radicalsubversiv', the 228 year-old Amherst Town Meeting was nearly scrapped in favor of a new Town Charter. It remains unclear whether the 250+ registered Hampshire voters had much of an influence in this decision; most sources (read: a 70's Ouija board) were unavailable for comment. In other _news_ the Hampshire Hot List had indiscriminate sex and produced a "staff babe list". Here is the first post: "tom doherly, ned parker, tom doherly. dripping with masculinity, woof" ('Guest name (Guest)')

Thursday, April 3:

The Hampshire Escorts get some 20 posts-worth of publicity, although some are simply concerned with the suck-itude of responsible first and second year students. Meanwhile user 'pantywak' is a bit behind the times, still wondering about the Greg Prince resignation prank. Discussion soon reveals s/he is a reclusive Div III confined to the library for an undisclosed

amount of time. For no discernable reason, Jolt overlord 'Lemmy' posts a limerick in response.

Friday, April 4:

New escorts! Collect all six! Or if you'd rather spend money elsewhere, you can help 'Ravencrow' to "Impeach Bush". Still not satisfied with your choice of philanthropy? Try the "Monies for Lemmy Fund. Very worthy cause. And it's tax deductible. If you cheat" (quote attributed to user 'Lemmy'). Less generous souls are interested in ripping |=13z off the "Mac Network" for their greater glory. This 1337 n37w0rk of w4r3z must be skillfully h4x0r3d to find the best b0x3nz. Or you can just go to 'chooser' and type in names and shit.

Saturday, April 5:

Leave it to user 'munching on your ass' to list the "top 5 hampshire couples". Unfortunately 'sexywench' disagrees with his/her proposed rating system, and firmly believes that "whoever wrote this sucks". Discussion abruptly ends. Crazy mad posting about one nichtrsia kreda (name jumbled to protect the possibly embarrassed) runs for over two days, discussing the aforementioned's ostensibly inappropriate poetry reading at the Reproductive Rights conference. In accordance with the wishes of 'Lemmy', the Jolt officially backs said poet's actions.

MARCH 30 - APRIL 12

Another two day's-worth of discussion concerns a "merrill intruder". The Jolt then awards itself a Nobel Peace Prize in Sobriety.

Sunday, April 6:

A discussion on the etymology of "420" runs for about 22 hours. In the end, user 'CoxsonDodd' sounds coxsure it was "coined by a bunch of guys who call themselves the Waldos". Apparently 4:20 was, well, when they liked to get high. It soon became a code for use around vagrant parental units, who weren't otherwise keen about their sweet lil' children gorging themselves on THC. In other news, James Potter gets some quality Jolt lip-service for his music reviews in The Omen. Imagine that! In the Omen!

Monday, April 7:

Ever wondered about Jolt content at the "other schools"? According to 'Guest name (Guest)' you can find "real things, like classes and Iraq and microbiology." That and room lotteries. Also, bars. If I were more motivated, I might be inclined to probe this question a bit further. Unfortunately, I have only enough energy to tell you that user 'finally (Guest)' has at last come upon decent human life in the "Hampshire social scene". Successive posts deal Prescott a thrashing normally reserved for overly dramatic LARPer, accused multiple times of hous-

ing persons guilty of pretension.

Tuesday, April 8:

Due to "Theft @ Hampshire", the Mount Holyoke Gun Club (a.k.a the 2nd amendment sisters) will be assuming the role of Public Safety. Perhaps some will then be inducted into the "new kinda hot list". Others may be considered fully "hot" if found "aesthetically pleasing" by user 'bean-uh'. The criterion 'aesthetically pleasing' may be subject to confounding due to alcohol consumption, desperation, and necrophilia.

Wednesday, April 9:

Who needs sugar when you could have "Hampshire Maple Syrup"? This tasty treecum is available by the half pint, pint and quart, as well as in a limited edition 50ml glass maple leaf bottle. Interested parties should contact the NS School Office with cash or check. (Relevant information attributed to 'kittydisaster') And remember- buy more, save more! In entertainment news, user 'oximoron' is looking for hardy souls to watch a 25-hour "Twin Peaks" marathon. Episodic quotations ensue. Then begins the mod lottery politics!

Thursday, April 10:

Serious shit seems to have gone down Tuesday night, as 25+ posts discuss a fairly gruesome fight on Hampshire Campus. It apparently started over early morning (read,

Daily Jolt Roundup

~2am) drunken noise pollution in the Dakin quad, and ended with said loudmouth in the hospital. Posts range from shocked to scared to abhorred, and in general discuss whether such violent actions were vindicated. Equally shocking news reveals how "AIM" has gone awol.

Friday, April 11:

Looks like user 'mee' needs to decide who will "drive [his/her] car to the west coast". S/he is looking for a quality chauffeur to take a honda passport from here "preferably toward California, but that general direction is fine too." 'Lemmy' wants some more specifics, but five other potential road trippers are just fine with the ambiguity. More mod politics round out the day, with Greenwich being generally disparaged.

Saturday, April 12:

Some simple "professor questions" are left unanswered, as cheese suddenly becomes the topic of choice. User 'Joe G' heads up this bit of non-sequitor novelty, with 'cheesy (Guest)' as his/her reliable go-for. A Smithie wonders if Hampshire's Yiddish class is worthwhile. *Ikht enter as es iz nit schlekt. ::translation- I find Paris is Burning to be ironically androgenous::*



MORE PERIODIC THAN 'NEWSWEEK'

